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THE UNFORTUNATE LOVERS:

AN HISTORICAL FACT.

PHILIP the second King of Spain, espoused Elizabeth of France, who was intended to have been the consort of his son, Don Carlos. Among the maids of honour appointed to attend the young Queen, were two ladies, remarkable for their beauty, but of every opposite dispositions. One of these ladies was Ines de Cordove, who was in great favour with the Queen, and the other, Leonora de Silva.

The Queen, who constantly retired to her private apartments, after dinner, took with her some of her women, either to converse with, or read to her. The King, who was not of a very sociable disposition, seldom made one of the Queen's party: but Don Carlos, who secretly sighed for the Queen, whose amiable disposition and virtues he had been early taught to admire, omitted no opportunity to accompany her on these occasions, and one day, as he was following her to her apartment, the marquis de Lerme, one of the most accomplished noblemen of the court, intreated the favour of Don Carlos, that he

might also be permitted to be of the party. The prince, who was no stranger to the marquis's passion for the lovely Ines, granted his request, judging by his own sensations the inexpressible happiness it would be to the marquis to be near the object of his love. Leonora flattered herself that it was upon *her* account, that the Marquis de Lerme was so desirous of being of the party; but she soon had the mortification to perceive the preference given to Ines, which so exasperated this haughty beauty, that from this moment, she breathed sentiments of revenge, and impatiently waited for an opportunity of wreaking her vengeance on the marquis, as well as on her hated rival. Unfortunately, an occasion soon offered, which put it in her power to exercise the malevolence of her disposition. The marquis de Lerme gave a fete champetre at his house, a few leagues distant from Madrid, to which most of the court were invited. Ines and Leonora were in one coach, escorted by the marquis de Lerme, and Don Lewis, the father of Ines, on horse-back. Fording a little river, the horse took fright, and turned out of the road they were to have passed, which so terrified Ines,

that she jumped out of the coach into the water. The marquis flew like lightning to her assistance, and immediately conveyed her to a fisherman's hut, almost bereft of life. As soon as she was a little recovered, she had the satisfaction to find herself under the protection of her lover, who, upon every occasion, strove to convince her of the sincerity of his passion. Meanwhile, Don Lewis was as assiduous in assisting Leonora, with whom he was greatly captivated; which that artful woman no sooner perceived, than she began to entertain some hopes of having it in her power to separate the two lovers, whose total ruin now occupied all her thoughts.

A short time after, the marquis obtained Don Lewis's consent to espouse his daughter. Leonora was no sooner apprized of this, than she began to set every engine to work, to create a misunderstanding between Don Lewis and the marquis. The consequence was, that the former commanded his daughter never more to think of the marquis. The two lovers were almost distracted at being thus cruelly separated. They immediately imparted their distress to the queen, who, pitying their unhappy condition, promised to use her interest, in endeavouring to prevail upon Don Lewis to consent again to their union. Leonora, who was apprehensive that her scheme would be frustrated, took advantage of Don Lewis's passion for her, and made him promise to give Ines in marriage to her brother, the baron de Silva. Don Lewis was too much in love to reject this proposition, and told his daughter, that she was to consider the baron as her future husband. This was a blow which Ines little expected. With a heart overwhelm'd with affliction, she threw herself at the queen's feet, beseeching her to save her from the misery of being married to a man

whom she detested. The Queen, who was deeply affected with her situation, got the marriage delayed for some months, which was all the favour that could be obtained of Don Lewis, and, during this interval, the marquis and baron determined to decide their claims by the sword. The consequence was, that both were obliged to quit the kingdom. Lerne went into Flanders, where he served a campaign under the duke d'Alva. On his return to Madrid, he found a most melancholy change had taken place.

The princess D'Eboli, one of the court ladies, was passionately in love with Don Carlos, and, being unable to support his indifference towards her, began to hate him with equal violence, and by inventing the most wicked falsehoods made her husband equally inveterate against that unfortunate prince. They both conspired against his life, and their infernal plot succeeded; for the king was inspired with jealousy against the queen and Don Carlos, and both of them fell victims to his unjust suspicions.* Lerne was appointed to carry this dreadful news to France. All the maids of honour were dismissed, and Ines returned to her father's house, where she was treated as a disobedient child, and imprisoned in her chamber, without a single attendant, to whom she could unbosom her grief.

Don Lewis finding* that it would be some time before the baron de Silva would return to Spain, and perceiving that Leonora was averse to his marrying her, before he had disposed of Ines, was determined to hasten his daughter's nuptials; for which purpose, he fixed upon the count de las Torres, a man

* Many authors suppose, that the premature death of the queen and of Don Carlos, which happened soon after, was the consequence of this fatal jealousy.

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far advanced in life, who had served a long time in the army, and was just returned to court, after an absence of ten years. He was well acquainted with Lerme, having served with him more than one campaign; but his long absence from Madrid rendered him entirely ignorant of his passion for Ines. The marquis de Lerme, who was in France when he heard the report of Ines's intended marriage, was in the utmost despair. He instantly left all the affairs with which he had been entrusted, in the hands of a person in whom he could confide, and without considering he was guilty of an action that was highly criminal, he listened only to the dictates of his unbounded passion for the lovely Ines. The extraordinary expedition he used in travelling, added to his anxiety of mind, threw him into a fever, which for some time retarded his journey; and the news of his having left France, without leave, highly offended the Spanish monarch, who was too severe to pardon a fault of such a nature, and therefore gave orders for his being arrested the minute he arrived at Madrid. A process was then commenced against him, which was conducted with uncommon rigour. Among the number of his judges, were the count de las Torres, and Don Lewis de Cordove. Las Torres, who was totally ignorant that the marquis was his rival, seemed disposed to favour him; but Don Lewis, who acted as chief judge, and who secretly wished to destroy him, stretched the laws to the utmost of his power, and hoped nothing less would be his sentence, than death, or perpetual imprisonment. He then informed his daughter, that it was in her power to save the life of the marquis, provided she would immediately consent to marry the count de las Torres. It may easily be conceived that the unhappy Ines

would not hesitate what part to act, when the fate of her lover depended on her compliance. A few days after, the nuptials were solemnized between Don Lewis and Leonora, and on the same day, those of Ines with the count de las Torres; while the unfortunate marquis was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment.

The countess de las Torres was now a prey to a secret and unceasing anguish. Elvira, a young girl of a most amiable disposition, who chiefly attended the countess, could not behold her melancholy situation, without feeling deeply for her woes, and mingling her tears with those of her unhappy mistress. The countess found no other consolation but in the affectionate attachment of this favourite servant, and would often converse with her on the subject of her unfortunate passion, yet blushed at the thought of indulging herself in sentiments so opposite to duty and honour, while her soul was still remote from the least intention of guilt.

The marquis de Lerme was totally ignorant of the destiny of Ines. He was not suffered to see any one but the person who guarded him, who had the strictest injunction not to let him have pen, ink, or paper. Elvira, who sought every occasion to console her unhappy mistress, at length found a favourable opportunity. It became the duty of her brother, who was an officer, to guard the castle in which the marquis was confined during the absence of the governor. She therefore strongly urged her mistress to embrace so favourable an occasion to alleviate the marquis's sufferings, by writing a letter to him, which she would engage her brother to deliver.

The countess, whose virtue and delicacy were equal to her love, for some time hesitated to comply with Elvira's

request. But, reflecting that the misfortunes in which Lerme had been involved were upon her account, she thought it would be unjust to delay a moment so favourable an occasion of writing to him, as it was the only consolation that was in her power to afford him. How to begin, or what to say, was no small embarrassment. To tell him that she still loved him, and how much she suffered upon his account, was no difficult task; but at the same time to inform him, that she had bestowed her person upon another, seemed as repugnant to her virtue as to delicacy. Dreading the consequences of his being informed of her marriage, she rather wished if possible to see him, if an interview, under the present favourable opening could be obtained. Elvira strongly recommended this, assuring the countess, that she had engaged her brother not only to secrecy, but to his most friendly offices. Yet still the thoughts of discovering her marriage affected her beyond expression. 'That day said she, 'will be the last of his love for me, and I am now going to deprive him of the only consolation he has left, that of being his, if he should ever obtain his liberty. She however, sent Elvira with a letter to prepare him for her reception, charging her not to mention a word of her being married, chusing that he should be informed of that fatal stroke from her own mouth. While the countess was preparing for this trying interview with the marquis, there happened an unexpected change in his fortune. The prince Don Juan, who had a sincere regard for the marquis de Lerme, was silent, till the king's wrath began to subside, and then took an opportunity, when the king was in good humour, of mentioning the affairs which Lerme was to have negotiated in France. He artfully introduced the

marquis's unfortunate passion for Ines to which, not to want of duty, he imputed all his errors. His arguments had the desired effect. The king was appeased, and immediately ordered the marquis to be released from his confinement. This grace the marquis received almost at the same instant that Elvira arrived at the castle with the countess's letter. The transports of joy, which Lerme felt at so much unexpected good fortune, cannot be easily conceived. The first questions he put to Elvira were to enquire after his beloved Ines, whether she was married, and whether she still loved him? Elvira was silent with respect to her mistress's marriage, but assured him, that he had great reason to rest satisfied as to her affection for him. Seeing the marquis was now at liberty, Elvira thought it would not be proper for her mistress to go to the castle, and therefore proposed to conduct him to an apartment (a little distance from where the countess lived) belonging to a merchant, who was then absent. But before they set out from the castle, Lerme received another message from the prince, who acquainted him, that he proposed that day to conduct him to the king, and desired him to repair to the palace as soon as possible, to acknowledge the king's clemency, and to receive his pardon at the foot of the throne. However desirous the marquis might be of obtaining the king's favour, he was much more impatient to see his beloved mistress. He therefore instantly followed Elvira, who soon conducted him to the merchant's house, and ran to inform the countess of all that had passed. The countess now perceived that she wanted resolution. A thousand different passions agitated her soul. The step which she was going to take, now seemed to her inconsistent with either virtue

or prudence. The disgrace, on one side, if she should be discovered, and the misfortunes, on the other, in which it might again involve her lover, were equally alarming. In short, such reflections as naturally arose in such a critical situation, produced the most violent conflicts between virtue and passion. At this instant, the count, her husband, came in, and informed her, that he was just going to the Escorial; and that he should not return till the next morning.

(To be continued)

INDIAN CIVILIZATION.

A late letter from Return J. Meigs, esq. who long resided in the Cherokee country, says—

"In the year 1809 I had a census taken of the number of the Cherokee nation, which amounted to 12,157. The number of males and females were nearly equal—they have considerably increased since that period, so that including a colony of Cherokees who went to settle on the river Arkansas, their number is about, 14,500 souls—those who emigrated to Arkansas, as well as those on their ancient grounds, have made considerable advances in acquiring the useful arts, particularly in the manufacture of cotton and woolen cloth. They raise the cotton and the indigo for dying their yarn; they are good weavers and, have at this time upwards of 500 looms; most of the looms are made by themselves; they have more than 500 ploughs—This greatly increased the tillage of their lands; they have large stocks of black cattle and horses, swine and some sheep; they have domesticated poultry in plenty; and having now an abundance of the necessaries of life their population proportionably increases. By means of some schools, many of their young people read and write. A great part of

the men have adopted our modes of dress: and the females, without exception, dress in the habits of the white people. Some of them who are wealthy are richly dressed. They are remarkably clean and neat in their persons; this may be accounted for by their universal practice of bathing in their numerous transparent streams of water, which in almost every direction run through their country. Men, women and children practice bathing, which undoubtedly contributes to their health. All can swim, and this is often of great convenience, as no river can impede their way of travelling. When the females bathe, they are never exposed: any improper conduct towards them would be held in detestation by all.—Since I have been first in this nation, a young white man solicited the hand of a young Cherokee woman. She refused his offer, and objected, as a principal reason, that he was not clean in his appearance; that he did not, as the Cherokees do, bathe himself in the rivers.—Ablution with these people was formerly a religious rite. It is not now viewed by them in this light, but is nearly allied to a moral virtue. It is unfortunate for these people that they should be held in contempt by people who in no one respect are better than they, and have no advantage of them except in the color of the skin—and whether this ought to be considered, is problematical for we have seen savages with white skins.

"I have not been an inattentive spectator in viewing these people in various situations; in their forests, in their houses, in their schools, and in their councils. The progress of their children in their schools, has been as great as that of any other children in acquiring the knowledge of letters and figures.

"Nature has given them the finest

former—and can we presume that God has withheld from them correspondent intellectual and mental powers of mind? No man who has had public business to transact with them, can have a doubt of the capacity of their minds. Their hospitality in their houses is every where acknowledged—their bravery in the field is also acknowledged by those who acted with them in the late war against the hostile Creeks. It will be acknowledged, that where hospitality and bravery resides, they are not solitary virtues."

In reply to some vulgar slurs thrown by some writers upon the Indians, Mr. Meigs remarks, "That there are some Indians who are well-informed, and of decent, handsome manners and deportment, is well known. And as to animal configuration, if there is a difference, it will be found in favour of the Indians—and if a statuary should want models for the human figure, he will find the most perfect amongst the southern Indian tribes south of the Ohio river. There is no occasion to go to Greece or Italy for models for the sculptor; and if propensities have any analogy to configuration, the Indians must have the preference.

"About half of the Cherokee nation are of mixed blood by intermarriages with the white people. Many of them are as white as any of our citizens.

The Cherokees universally believe in the being of God—they call him the Great Spirit; they mention him with reverence—with them, his attributes are power and goodness. They never profane the name of God in their own language. They have no set of words that they can combine to profane the name of God."

For the New York Weekly Museum.

REFLECTIONS.

Here rests the ashes of the dead, let us enter and pray.

Regnault Warin.

LET us pause at the entrance of the sanctuary, for it is the threshold of Eternity. It is the grand emporium of death: 'tis the great resting place of mortality. Here let the tongue of slander be silent, and the brazen feet of calumny "tread lightly on the ashes of the dead." Here may the chords of reflection be strained to their highest pitch, and here may the soul of sentiment contemplate even to madness.—Here let the young, the giddy, and the gay, repair; and casting aside the coverings of vanity, that obscure the latent seeds of virtue that are sown in the heart—let them remember they are spending in frolic and mirth the short space allotted to man, and that the term of "life's shallow lamp" must shortly expire. Let them not be frightened at the spectacles which the inmates of the grave may offer to the eye of fancy; let them not start back with horror from the last scene of things. In them there is nothing terrible, nothing that destroys the calmness of reflection.

The knell, the shroud, the mattock and the grave,
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm,
These are the bug-bears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living not the dead.
YOUNG.

The only sighings of sorrow which disturb the serene stillness of the place, should be those which are caused by the recollection; if we haste not to our Lord, and that right quickly, we may die in our sins, and in the grave there is no repentance.

If the mere glance over the tomb

of mortals thus seriously dispose the mind to "go and sin no more," let us advance nearer to the consecrated spot; let us "enter and pray." In passing by the turfs of those, who by the strict tenor of their lives we may fully believe are resting with the spirits of the just made perfect; let us remember the death of the righteous, and say "may our last end be like theirs." And if there be any that are sleeping, who (in our imperfect ideas of the mercy of God) we may suppose have not entered into the mansions of the blessed, let us, kneeling by their graves, say with truly unfeignedness of hearts, Enter not into judgment with thy servants, oh Lord, for in thy sight shall no flesh living be justified. And let us arise from their sods, with Father, forgive them, for they knew not what they did.

ELLA.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

This most celebrated woman of her time, died upon a scaffold. The beauty of her person, and the possession of the throne of Scotland, excited the jealousy of Elizabeth, who to all the qualities of a great monarch united the foibles of a weak woman. Mary regreted all her life the French court, where she had lived with the respect and attention due to the wife of Francis II. and where she had become the admiration and delight of all ranks. Her reputation for letters, which she loved and cultivated with success, was deservedly great; and she would have descended to posterity with merited distinction as a woman of learning, had not her misfortunes made her more celebrated. At the age of thirteen or fourteen, she recited at the Louvre, in the presence of Henry II. and the whole French court, a discourse in Latin, written by herself, in which she successfully combated the idle preju-

dice that would exclude the female sex from the study of the belles lettres. It was a spectacle as interesting as it was singular, to see a princess so young and so handsome, filling the office of an orator, and proving as well by reason as example, that knowledge added a new charm to beauty. She passed for an agreeable writer in prose, and the few poetical pieces which she has left, prove, that in another age, she had, perhaps, gained a distinguished rank among the French poets. To the merit of a literary character she joined every female accomplishment. She was an excellent dancer, a good musician, and possessed of every amiable talent: these united to the charms of her wit, would have rendered her greatly superior to all the women of the age in which she lived, though nature had not lavished upon her the choicest of her favours. These attractions, of which Elizabeth frequently heard, fatigued her jealous ears, and were perhaps, the sole cause of Mary's misfortunes. Elizabeth, conversing one day with Melville, ambassador from Scotland, asked him if Mary was not a finer woman than herself: the cautious courtier, unwilling to offend, and wishing to avoid a direct answer, replied that Elizabeth was the finest woman in England, as Mary was the finest woman of Scotland. This answer did not satisfy Elizabeth, who wishing to gratify her vanity, by hearing an acknowledgment of her own superiority, again pressed Melville for a more decided reply; who confessed that he thought Mary a finer woman than herself. This reply, as unexpected as it was true, greatly chagrined Elizabeth.

The goodness of Mary's heart corresponded with the beauty of her person and the charms of her wit. Though always persecuted, she was always tolerant; to the inconstancy of her enemies

she opposed a steady adherence to her own engagements:—in fine, she was destined to be equally celebrated for her wit, her beauty, and her misfortunes.

To testify her deep regret at leaving her connexions in France, she composed the following farewell address to that country, which serves as a proof of her poetical talents.

CHANSON.

Adieu, plaisant pays de France !

O ma patrie,

La plus chérie,

Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance !

Adieu, France ! adieu, mes beaux jours ;

La nef qui disjoint nos amours,

N'a c'y de moi que la moitié :

Une parte te reste, elle est tienne ;

Je la fie a ton amitié

Pour que de l'autre il te souviene.

Ah, pleasant land of France, farewell !

My country dear,

Where many a year

Of infant youth I lov'd to dwell !

Farewell, forever, happy days !

The ship that parts our loves, conveys

But half of me—one half, behind

I leave with thee, dear France, to prove

A token of my endless love,

And bring the other to thy mind.

VIRTUE REWARDED.

A PASTORAL TALE :

[From the German of Gesner.]

GLICERA was beautiful and poor. scarce had she numbered sixteen springs, when she lost the mother who had brought her up. Reduced to servitude, she kept the flocks of Lamon, who cultivated the lands of a rich citizen of Mitylene.

One day, her eyes flowing with tears, she went to visit her mother's solitary tomb. She poured upon her grave a cup of pure water, and suspended crowns of flowers to the branches of the bushes she had planted round it. Seated beneath the mournful shade, and drying up her tears, she said, 'O

thou most tender of mothers, how dear to my heart is the remembrance of thy virtues ! If ever I forget the instructions thou gavest me, with such a tranquil smile, in that fatal moment, when inclining thy head upon my bosom, I saw thee expire ; if ever I forget them ! may the propitious Gods forsake me, and may thy sacred shade forever fly me ! It is thou that hast just preserved my innocence. I come to tell thy manes all. Wretch that I am ! Is there any one on earth to whom I dare open my heart ?

' Nicias, the Lord of this country, came hither to enjoy the pleasures of the autumn. He saw me ; he regarded me with a soft and gracious air. He praised my flocks, and the care I took of them : he often told me that I was genteel, and made me presents. Gods ! how was I deceived ! but in the country who mistrusts ? I said to myself, how kind our master is ! may the Gods reward him ! all my vows shall be for him ; 'tis all that I can do ; but I will for ever do it. The rich are happy, and favoured by the immortals. When bountiful, like Nicias, they deserve to be happy. This to myself I said, and let him take my hand, and press it in his. The other day I blushed, and dared not look up, when he put a gold ring upon my finger. See, he said, what is engraved on this stone ? A winged child, who smiles like thee ; and 'tis he that must make thee happy. As he spoke these words, he stroked my cheeks, that were redder than the fire. He loves me ; he has the tenderness of a father for me ; how have I deserved so much kindness from a Lord, and so rich and powerful ? O, my mother, that was all thy poor child thought. Heavens ! how was I deceived ! this morning he found me in the orchard ; he chuck'd me familiarly under the chin. Come

he said, bring me some new-blown flowers to the myrtle bower, that I may there enjoy their sweet perfumes. With haste I chose the finest flowers : and, full of joy, I ran to the bower. Thou art, he said, more nimble than the Zephyrs, and more beautiful than the Goddess of flowers. Then, immortal Gods ! I yet tremble at the thought ; then he catch'd me in his arms, and pressed me to his bosom, and all that love can promise, all that is soft and seducing, flow'd from his lips. I wept ; I trembled. Unable to resist such arts, I had been forever lost. No, thou would'st no longer have had a child, if thy remembrance had not watch'd over my heart. Ah ! if thy worthy mother had even seen thee suffer such disgraceful caresses ! that thought alone gave me power to force myself from the arms of the seducer, and fly.

'Now I come ; O with what comfort is it that I still dare ! I come to weep over thy grave. Alas ! poor and unfortunate as I am, why did I lose thee when so young. I droop like a flower, deprived of the support that sustain'd its feeble stalk. This cup of pure water I pour to the honour of thy manes. Accept this garland ! receive my tears ! may they penetrate even to thy ashes ! Hear, O my mother, hear ; 'tis to thy dear remains, that repose beneath those flowers, which my eyes have so often bedewed : 'tis to thy sacred shade I here renew the vows of my heart. Virtue, innocence, and the fear of the Gods, shall make the happiness of my days. Therefore poverty shall never disturb the serenity of my mind. May I do nothing that thou wouldst not have approv'd with a smile of tenderness, and I shall surely be, as thou wast, beloved of Gods and men : For I shall be gentle, modest, and industrious. O my mother, by living thus, I hope to die

like thee, with smiles and tears of joy.' Glicera, on quitting the place, felt all the powerful charms of virtue. The gentle warmth that was diffused over her mind, sparkled in her eyes, still wet with tears. She was beautiful as those days of spring, when the sun shines through a transient shower.

With a mind quite tranquil, she was hastening back to her labour, when Nicias ran to meet her. 'O Glicera !' he said, and tears flowed down his cheeks, 'I have heard thee at thy mother's tomb. Fear nothing, virtuous maid ? I thank the immortal Gods ! I thank that virtue, which hath preserved me from the crime of seducing thy innocence. Forgive me, chaste Glicera ! forgive, nor dread in me a fresh offence. My virtue triumphs through thine. Be wise, be virtuous, and be ever happy. That meadow surrounded with trees, near to thy mother's tomb, and half the flock thou keepest, are thine.

'May a man of equal virtue complete the happiness of thy days ! weep not, virtuous maid ! but accept the present I offer thee with a sincere heart, and suffer me from henceforth to watch over thy happiness. If thou refusest me, a remorse for offending thy virtue will be the torment of all my days. Forget, O vouchsafe to forget my crime, and I will revere thee as a propitious power that hath defended me against myself.

SELECT SENTENCES.

I have seen the end of the rich and poor ; the great and small—and lo ! there was no distinction in the grave.

Art thou rich, and surrounded with this world's goods, remember the poor, and forget not in thy prosperity that life is a scene of vicissitudes, and perhaps the very next turn of the wheel, may also render thee an object of charity.

HORRID PAGAN CUSTOM.

FORTY-SEVEN WOMEN BURNED WITH
THE BODY OF PRINCE MARAVA.

In a letter from father Martin, a Jesuit missionary in Madura

THE prince of Marava dying in 1770, his wives to the number of 47 were burned with his corps in the following manner:—They digged a deep ditch without the town and in it erected a pile of wood, on the top of which the deceased was laid richly clothed and adorned. When they had set this on fire with a world of ceremonies performed by the Brahmins, that company of unfortunate women appeared covered with jewels, and adorned with flowers like so many victims designed for the sacrifice. They walked several times about the pile, the heat of which was perceived at a great distance. The chief of them having addressed the successor of the late prince, resigned the dagger of the deceased into his hands; who took it without the least sign of grief or compassion.---“Alas,” said he, “what further comes of human happiness! I am sensible I am throwing myself headlong to hell!” These words struck all the spectators with horror. She had a christian woman in her service who frequently discoursed with her concerning the truths of revealed religion, in order to persuade her to embrace christianity, but without success. She having thus spoken, boldly turned her face to the pile, and calling upon her gods, flung herself into the flames. The second of those women was the sister of Rays, a prince of the blood, who assisted at the detestable ceremony. When he received the jewels from his sister with which she was adorned, he broke out into tears, embracing her most tenderly; she seemed unmoved at it, and with a resolute countenance, looked some-

time at the pile, and sometimes at the assistant, cried, in a loud voice, Sheeva! Sheeva! which is the name of one of her idols, and threw herself into the flames as the first had done. The other women followed her soon after;--- some of them appeared composed, and others were cast down and bewildered. One of them, frightened above the rest, ran to a christian soldier who was present, and begged of him to save her. But he, stunned with surprise, pushed the unfortunate creature from him into the *glowing pit*, and retired immediately, but so terrified that he soon fell ill of a fever and frenzy, of which he died the night after—Whatever intrepidity some of those women discovered at first, yet as soon as they felt the flames they roared in a most dreadful manner; and tumbling over each other, strove to gain the brink of the pit, but in vain; for the assistants prevented it by throwing upon them large pieces of wood. The next day the Brahmins gathered their bones, which they threw into the sea.—The pit was levelled, a temple built on the spot, and the deceased prince and his wives reckoned among the deities.

DANGEROUS ATTRACTIONS.

A Danish Journal offers the following anecdote: “During several months past, a number of individuals, especially young men bewildered by ambition, have put themselves to death, by throwing themselves from the Round Tower; and to prevent these misfortunes, it has been found necessary to station sentinels at the place. The same precaution is frequently resorted to in Norway, with regard to a lake in the neighbourhood of Bergen. In a bason extremely deep, surrounded by projecting rocks, the lake spreads its still and motionless water, so effectually concealed

from the light of day, that the stars may be discerned in the fluid at noon-day. The birds, conscious of a kind of attractive power resident in this vast gulf, dare not attempt to pass it. Whoever visits it, after having, with great exertions, clambered up the barrier of rocks around it, experiences a most uncontrollable desire to throw himself into this *heaven reversed*. It may be referred to the same kind of delusive feeling which is suffered when in a small boat, crossing a still water, so perfectly transparent that every stone at the bottom may be seen; it seems to invite the passenger to enter; and the passenger feels himself willing to comply. The Norwegians attribute this sensation to the magic power of the nymphs, or *Nixes*, who are still supposed to people every river and lake in the romantic districts of Scandinavia.

Lord Bacon was asked by king James I. what he thought of Mr. Caderez, a very tall man who was sent on an embassy to the king of France. He said, "Very tall men are like lofty houses, where the uppermost rooms are commonly the most meanly furnished."

SENTIMENTS ON LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

There is but one sort of love, but, like genuine coin, there are a thousand counterfeits of it. *True love* is founded on esteem, as it requires something more than mere personal beauty to make it permanent.

Beauty of person is like an annual flower, but beauty of the mind, like a perennial one, lasts for more than a season.

Too great a disparity of years is unnatural in wedlock; if a man be double the age of a woman, old age overtakes him too soon.—Eight or ten years may

be excused on the man's side—the half of it on the woman is *intolerable*.

A sensible man seldom or never uses a woman ill, unless she throws aside her prudence; because he takes *reason* as his guide. The most sensible men are sometimes awkward in courtship, but shine most in the married state—they despise *affectation*, and hard rather censure than *flatter*.

In short courtship, we can form no judgment of either the affection or merit of a person, but length of time must evince both—Remember, but do not try the old proverb, *Marry in haste and repent at leisure*.

The most unhappy matches are the *monied ones*, and parents often render their own and their children's lives miserable, by persuading them to marry for convenience instead of *love*. Think for yourselves ladies.

Sincerity and ingenuousness are likewise characteristic of true affection, for they that disguise their real sentiments in courtship, are always sufferers after marriage.

A set of fine words and compliments too often deceive the fair, but a true lover will sooner tell his *dulcinea* her foibles than flatter her *imperfections*.

ON ATTEMPTING TO BE WITTY.

Never attempt being witty by design, lest you meet with as severe a retort as that given by Dean Swift to a young gentleman, who, on hearing a bright genius, by his wit and pleasantry, enliven and produce the most violent bursts of laughter from his companions, started up on a sudden, and, addressing the Dean—"You must know sir, (said he,) I have a great mind to set up for a wit myself."—"Have you so, young man? (replied Swift;) then let me advise you to set down again."

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

THE SEDUCED FEMALE.

"Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene ;

Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,
Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
Inspired : where moral virtue mildly shone,
Without the toil of art ; and virtue glow'd,
In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.
How chang'd the scene ! In blazing height
of noon,

The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest
gloom." THOMSON.

IN a cottage encircled with ivy and pine,
Near the murmuring sighs of a half-bro-
ken stream ;

Where the feelings of nature with love en-
tertwine,

And the graces of Beauty so timidly beam.

Where nought but the whip-poor-will carol'd
his lay,

To chase the lone hour and cheer the dark
shade ;

And whilst breathing each note from the
willow-tree spray,

They re-echo with sadness fast thro' the
deep glade.—

'Twas *here*, where sweet M—y so silently
dwelt,

And unconsciously liv'd from the world's
mad'ning lure,

And each new sensation she glowingly felt,
Was instantly blaz'd from a soul truly
pure.

She would rise with the bright op'ning
beauties of day,

To catch the first glance from her dalli-
ant eye ;

To mark the profusion of Nature's display,
And to call forth the sensitive tear from
her eye.

For how could a heart so refulgently warm,
Not shed one pure drop from a grateful
emotion,

And how could a soul too, live free from all
harm,

Nor give to its Father such mingled de-
votion.

Thus retir'd from the scenes of an immoral
life,

She would carelessly watch the day-star's
last breath ;

And then musingly stray, unconscious of
fear ;

Whilst the dark clouds of eve spoke the
stillness of death.

Her form was as fair as bright fancy can eye,
And the "soul-speaking features" that
liv'd in each look,

Were more pure than the tears of the roses'
mild dye,

For unceasingly she of all sorrow par-
took.

At length came the day when a stranger
pass'd by,

A youth in whose look beam'd soft virtue's
fair ray,

For what is more sensively dear to the eye,
Than the morn buds of life where no viz
has its sway.

He came to sweet M—y and breath'd a loose
sigh,

She responsively true clasp'd it close to
her breast ;

And to every urg'd wish she would mildly
reply,

Do you think I'm the girl with whom
you're to be blest ?

Thus enraptur'd he gaz'd on her mild
blushing cheek,

And view'd each young charm that so
wantonly play'd

For oh ! they were fairer than morn's beau-
teous streak,

Which throws off the veil of night's dark
lonely shade. ROLLA.

(Concluded in our next.)

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

STANZAS,

Written in September, 1811, on the great
Comet, which had then passed its peri-
helion, and was travelling rapidly to the
southward.

TO ISMENIA.

THIS brilliant stranger from afar,
Does he portend the storms of war ?
Parading in the blue expanse,
Does he predict the doom of France ?

Perhaps on nobler business sent !
 He hovers o'er our continent :
 These comets are prodigious things,
 They fly without the aid of wings :
 From whence they came, or where they go,
 You cannot tell, nor do I know.

Do they, indeed, about the sun
 In parabolic orbits run ?—
 It may be so—and some have said
 This convex Earth, on which we tread,
 This Earth, which now in circles roll'd
 In such an orbit mov'd of old !

Then, sailing through the etherial blue,
 The mighty mass, projected, flew
 And in the solar beams array'd,
 A formidable tail display'd !

Who knows but, as this Comet rolls,
 She comes to take a freight of souls,
 The souls on earth condemned to wait
 Translation to the Comet State.

The blazing Comet, now in sight,
 Far southward travels day and night,
 It keeps its circle round the pole
 And sees the planets near it roll,
 But never will their course molest
 'Till the Creator sees it best.

Who knows but in yon flaming sphere
 The souls from parted bodies are,
 Are cloath'd again in nobler dress,
 In the Comet find all happiness.

Who knows but, when she quits us here,
 The mind is destined to that sphere,
 May, while we here her husk entomb,
 In Jove's celestial gardens bloom.

Near the sun this Comet strays,
 His heated atmospheric rays
 May bring new seasons to his clime,
 No doubt, his Spring, or Summer time.

His harvests, then, are gather'd in,
 His Autumn will its course begin,
 When e'er its tail, to disappear,
 Becomes a circumambient sphere.

When far remote, beyond our ken
 Receding from the view of men,
 The Comet shall his course pursue
 'Till his aphelion comes in view,

Then is his winter, then his folks
 Sit snug at home and pass their jokes,

No doubt, enjoy the evening fire,
 The glass, the parson, and the 'squire,
 See oceans rage, hear tempests blow,
 And scorn them all—as we do now.

P. F.

THE WREATH AND CHAIN.

I BRING thee, love, a golden chain ;
 I bring thee, too, a flowery wreath :
 The gold shall never wear a stain ;
 The flow'rets long shall sweetly breathe,
 Come, tell me which the tie shall be,
 To bind thy gentle heart to me.

The chain is of a splendid thread,
 Stoll'n from Minerva's yellow hair,
 Just when the setting sun had shed
 The sober beam of evening there.
 The wreaths of brightest myrtle wove,
 With brilliant tears of bliss among it,
 And many a rose leaf, cull'd by love,
 To heal his lip when bees have stung it :
 Come, tell me which the tie shall be,
 To bind thy gentle heart to me ?

Yes, yes, I read that ready eye,
 Which answers when the tongue is loath ;
 Thou lik'st the form of either tie,
 And hold'st thy playful hand for both.
 Ah ! if there were not something wrong,
 The world would see them blended oft ;
 The chain would make the wreath so strong !
 The wreath would make the chain so
 soft !

Then might the gold, the flow'rets be
 Sweet fetters for my love and me !

But, Fanny, so unblest'd they twine,
 That (Heaven alone can tell the reason)
 When mingled thus, they cease to shine,
 Or shine but for a transient season.
 Whether the chain may press too much,
 Or that the wreath is slightly braided.
 Let but the gold the flow'rets touch,
 And all their glow, their tints are faded !
 Sweet Fanny, what would rapture do,
 When all her blooms had lost their grace !
 Might she not steal a rose or two
 From other wreaths to fill their place ?
 Oh better to be always free,
 Than thus to bind thy love to me.

The timid girl now hung her head,
 And as she turned an upward glance,
 I saw a doubt its twilight spread
 Along her brow's divine expanse.

Just then the garland's dearest rose
 Gave one of its seducing sighs—
 Oh ! who can ask how Fanny chose,
 That ever look'd in Fanny's eyes ?
 " The wreath my life, the wreath shall be,
 " The tie to bind my soul to thee."

NEW-YORK,
 SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1816.

Intelligence.

The following article appears under the head of Marseilles, June 15th last. ---On the 27th May (Ascension Day) an insurrection broke out at Bonne, in Africa. All the foreigners employed in the Coral Fishery were massacred as they were coming from mass. The English Consul was assassinated; all the houses of the Franks were pillaged and destroyed---about 60 wounded persons were saved on board the vessels, and have arrived at Cagliari---it is from them we have received the details of this horrid butchery.---The number of killed is above 200---the account is authentic---it has been given at the office of health under oath, by persons arrived from Cagliari. It is known that this insurrection is caused by the discontent occasioned by the treaties concluded between Lord Exmouth and Algiers.

A letter from Malta, dated May 18, via Marseilles, says, " It is promulgated by Government, that the Bey of Tunis has lost his head by his own son, for liberating the christian slaves; and that in the absence of the British fleet, they had equipped their frigates and were determined to take every thing they met with. It is currently reported that one English vessel has been taken and the crew murdered.

An article from Augsburg, (Germany) of the 28 May says---" On the 21st, at six in the evening, such a dreadful storm from the North-east arose at Gnoldsheim, near Spielberg, that the oldest inhabitants remember nothing so terrible; the hail fell of the size of hen's

eggs, and covered the earth in many places a foot deep. Birds, several hares, and deer, were found killed, sheep were wounded in the meadows, and labourers in the fields---the whole land looks as if it had been trampled upon by horses---the trees stand stripped of their blossoms, leafless, and broken. Not a house in the plain but what is damaged, and the injury at Gnoldsheim, alone amounts to above 15,000 florins.

CENSUS OF NEW-YORK FOR 1816.

The census of the inhabitants of the city of New-York taken in April, 1816, returns 44,424 white male inhabitants, 43,319 white females, 3,391 male aliens, 3094 female aliens, 3193 coloured males, 4576 coloured females, 228 male slaves, 389 female slaves---making, altogether, a population of 100,619. The number of tenements are above 17,000.

Total number of females	51,878
males	51,741
	<hr/> 103,619

Total aliens	6,985
Total color'd inhabitants, }	
free }	7,774
Slaves	617

The total number of jurors 3,193.---

On the 4th April, H. B. M. armed brig Ferrett, fell in with a Spanish armed ship, from the coast of Africa, with 250 slaves---which she succeeded in taking after a running fight of three hours.

A letter from Frederickburg, July 13 says, about 4 o'clock this morning we were alarmed with the cry of fire which originated in a smoke-house on the lot of Dr. Carter. About 10 or 12 dwellings, principally of wood, and a number of back buildings making in the whole about 30 houses have been consumed.

On the 7th of June, in London, a Mr. Charlton, a wealthy man, was tried for seducing the daughter of a poor widow, and sentenced to pay 2000 dollars, as a punishment, not as an indemnity.

CORONER'S REPORT.

On Wednesday evening the coroner was called to view the body of Robert Barnes, a native of Ireland, aged 35 years. The jury returned a verdict of suicide, by taking opium. The deceased has left a wife and seven children in this city, in low circumstances.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

Irish Emigrants.—An unusual number of emigrants from Ireland have arrived here in the course of the present season; and others are still expected. Most of them are poor; and on their arrival, finding themselves literally "*strangers in a strange land*," are at a loss where to fix their residence, or how to acquire a subsistence. Many, (who would otherwise become useful citizens,) are soon discouraged; and resorting to bad company and base habits, prove a disgrace to their native and a nuisance to their adopted country. We are happy to find that a number of Irish Citizens are making efforts to procure employment for their distressed and friendless countrymen on their arrival; and it is with much pleasure we give circulation in our columns to the following notice:—

Gentlemen in any part of the country, wanting laborers, mechanics, or persons of any other class of emigrants, may accommodate themselves and give advantageous employment to others, by addressing letters, post paid, to Mr. Thomas O'Connor, No. 64 Nassau-street, New-York, who, from benevolent motives, will promptly attend to all such applications

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Stephen B. Hutchings, to Miss Helen W. Lewis, all of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Romeyne, the rev. Alexander McClelland, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Rutgers-street, to Miss Mary Ann Dickinson, daughter of Charles Dickinson, esq. of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Charles Humbert, to Miss Jane G. Chevee, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Jacob S. Baker, to Miss Eliza Garniss, daughter of Thomas Garniss, all of this city.

In Williamsville, Mr. Joshua Bull to Mrs. Sarah Buck, both of Buffalo.

OBITUARY.

The city Inspector Reports the death of 54 persons during the Week ending on Saturday the 3d of August.

DIED.

Mrs. Charlotte Mathews wife of the rev. James M. Mathews, aged 27.

Mr. Henry Shute, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city, aged 80 years.

Dr. Owen Roberts, (suddenly) aged 64. Miss Elizabeth Allen, aged 21, daughter of Mr. William Allen.

Mr. William Ramage, aged 52.

After a short illness, Mr. Jacamiah Akery, jun. in the 27th year of his age.

Mrs. Margaret Cook, aged 48. This lady came to this city in pursuit of her health, a few weeks since, from Savannah.

On Friday the 2d inst. Mr. Samuel Ferguson, a respectable merchant of this city, formerly of the house of Ferguson & Day, fell down in a fit of apoplexy, at Messrs. Hones & Town's, corner of Pearl and Wall streets, and immediately expired.

In Prince George's county, Md. the right rev. Dr. Thomas John Claggett, bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Maryland.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

On Monday last, while bathing at Rockaway Beach, overwhelmed by the surf, Miss JANE M'PHERSON, of this city, in the 33d year of her age. Born of respectable parents, who left her an infant Orphan among strangers, it pleased Providence to raise her up Friends, and to give her a mind of rectitude and honour, which guided her unblemished through life. Tho' entombed near the sound of those "bitows" that enshrouded her neat and delicate frame, her memory will long be cherished by those who knew her worth, with the pleasing hope that her spirit, guided by legions of glorified immortals, now rests with God in heaven.

At Rockaway in a vault of major Fairlie's by whose attention and goodness, her body was taken out of the surf, and decently interred.

Also, at the same time and place, Miss ELIZA CARBERRY, aged 14, daughter of Capt. Thomas Carberry, of this city.—whose body was found, and brought up to this city for interment.

Also, in a like manner, at the same time, Miss ELIZA GUTHRIE.—The body of this young woman has not been found.

The above three females, when they went into the water, had hold of hands, and perished together.

The Evening Post, on the above melancholy event remarks, "Let this awful occurrence be a caution to all who frequent the watering places on the margin of our sea board, how they trust themselves in the surf at ebb tide, when it runs high and breaks with violence."

PATHETIC.

The Epervier sailed from Algiers on the 6th and passed the Streights of Gibralter on the 14th July, 1815.—The schooner Potomnus, on her voyage from Baltimore to Gibralter, spoke her on the 8th of August following, in the latitude of the Chesapeake and not more than 400 miles from the coast.—She was under reefed topsails, and therefore, prepared for the storm which was then approaching. We all remember the tremendous gale which swept the ocean on the 9th and 10th of August. The besom of destruction then literally passed over the Atlantic, and there can be no doubt, but that the Epervier foundered in the gale, and all who were on board went with her to the bottom. Their fate was a hard one: just at the time when their bosoms beat quickest; when the appearance of a vessel only a few days from America had roused up all their fond anticipations of home, when they even hailed the first approach of the gale, as it speeded them on their course; when every circumstance which imagination had pictured to attend their arrival, began to assume the form of reality—then it was that an inscrutable Providence had measured their existence. When they fancied their danger almost over, then were they given to be swallowed by the abyss they had so often braved, and their bodies buried beneath the waves which broke on the very shores which it was the object of all their wishes and prayers to reach. But it is some comfort to reflect that no carelessness was theirs; that if skill and experience would have availed, they would have been saved; that they sunk beneath the hand of an unrelenting destiny: that the manner of their death was not embittered by

many struggles or much suffering, but that, amid the uproar of the elements, they paid the great debt of nature together, dying in the performance of their duty; and in the service of their country. Their lives were, like the element they loved, at one time tranquil and quiet, at another full of action and stormy, and the confusion of the tempest, and the wide dismay of shipwreck mingled at their deaths. They believed, that as they traversed the mountain waves, they should reach a calm and quiet harbour; but they did not know that it was to the haven of Eternity they were hastening, where neither the storm of life nor the tempests of ocean, should ever reach them again.—*Baltimore Telegraph.*

TRAGICAL STORY.

WE hear that the following extraordinary, almost incredible tragic event, lately happened in an Hanoverian country town: a mother of three little children threatened one of them in the presence of the other in a joking manner, to cut off its nose, for a naughty trick which it had got a habit of.—Soon after she was busy down stairs in bathing the youngest child, who was ill, but hastens up stairs on hearing a dreadful cry in the upper part of the house, and meets on the stairs the eldest child, who tells her he has executed the threatened punishment on the other child, who has again been guilty of the same trick. In her anger she pushes the child so, that he falls down stairs; finds the maimed child swimming in its blood, in the agonies of death; rushes down stairs again, finds the other child lifeless at the foot of the stairs; totters into the bathing room, finds the youngest child suffocating in the bath, and hangs herself shortly after in the extremity of despair—*Hamburg Cor. April 5.*